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THURSDAY, JUNE 8.

The Sixth Philharmonic Concert took place on Monday night. A glance at the programme will shew that it fell considerably short of its predecessor in interest, *malgré* the two new features it presented.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in D (No. 2) Haydn.
Song, M.S. "Ach Herr," Herr
Staudigl (first time of per-
formance Nicolai.
Arietta, "In questa tomba,"
Miss Dolby Beethoven.
Sonata, Violoncello and Contra
Basso, Messrs. Lindley and
Howell (No. 6 Op. 5) ... Corelli.
Aria, "Paga fui," M^{dle} Pacini
(Il Ratto di Proserpina) Winter.
Concert Stück, A Minor, MS.
Pianoforte, Mr. W. S. Ben-
nett (first time of perfor-
mance) W. S. Bennett.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C Minor (No. 5) Beethoven.
Aria, "Stille noch dies Wuth,"
Herr Staudigl (Faust)..... Spohr.
Concerto, Violin, Signor Sivori C. Sivori.
Recitative, "E dunque vero,"
Duetto, "Bell' imago," M^{dle}
Pacini and Herr Staudigl
(Semiramide)..... Rossini.
Overture, Anacreon Cherubini.
Leader, Mr. T. Cooke—Conductor, Sir H. R.
Bishop.

Haydn's symphony is one of his most ingenious and masterly efforts. The subjects are somewhat old fashioned, but the treatment, especially in the first movement, is consummately skillful. The *andante* is a delicious morsel, and the *minuetto* and trio display some quaint effects of orchestration. The *finale* is a rondo of infinite spirit, fashioned out of a *motivo* almost vulgar in its character. The Symphony is in D Major—No. 2, of the celebrated

"Twelve." Staudigl gave the song of Herr Kapelmeister Nicolai far better than such a dull composition merited; we only quarrel with the taste which induced him to sing it at all. Miss Dolby sang the charming *arietta* of Beethoven with the feeling of a true *artiste*, quietly and unaffectedly, though with no lack of sentiment—and well deserved the applause she obtained. The *Sonata* of Corelli was a decided nuisance, for the grave reason, that we lost an overture through its insertion in the programme.—What sacrilege!—Winter's *aria* is pleasing if not striking; but we cannot conscientiously praise the singing of M^{dle} Pacini, as our natural gallantry would lead us to desire. The great feature of the first part, however, was the new *concert-stück* of Sterndale Bennett. We do not pretend to have obtained a sufficiently close acquaintance with this work from a single hearing to pronounce an opinion of any solidity; nevertheless, we can almost positively state, that if it does not greatly enhance, it takes nothing away from the brilliant reputation of the composer. The first *Allegro appassionato* is full of passion and grandeur, but was most clumsily accompanied by the band, and suffered materially in consequence—so much so, indeed, that our impression of its merits, though assuredly favourable, is vague and indefinable. The stringed instruments were as tame as tame could be, and the wind instruments seemed never to be certain where the bars began; so that much of the movement was "confusion worse confounded." The *serenade*, a sort of quick *andante*, is a charming little gem, accompanied by the quartet band, and

only ineffective inasmuch as it lacks relief, in some degree—more especially to prepare for the *finale*, immediately succeeding it, which is a *rondo presto* of untameable spirit, and untiring energy. This last movement was best understood on all hands—magnificently executed by Mr. Bennett, whose masterly pianoforte-playing was never better developed—ably interpreted by the band, who had no small share in the business—and keenly relished by the audience, who expressed their delight by repeated and enthusiastic plaudits. The feeling of this movement is one of unbounded joy, of so excitable a character, that it is difficult to remain quiet during its performance. There is no living pianist, but Mendelssohn, who can make himself so completely *one* with the orchestra, and yet so thoroughly its master, as Sterndale Bennett, a better proof of which we cannot recollect than his playing on Monday night, which laboured under the exceeding disadvantage of the continual clock-work bow-waving of the leader, who had much better have minded his fiddle, instead of labouring to put Mr. Bennett out (rather than assist him,) by beating time against him, as though for a wager. However, the devil himself cannot disturb our young pianist's equanimity when once in the heat of it, and so less harm accrued than we anticipated. Beethoven's gorgeous Symphony went, in general, to perfection, excepting as regards the *tempi* of each movement, which were considerably too slow; but in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as the final movement, nothing can stop the career of an orchestra like that of the Philharmonic, which, as we expected, finished by

awaking the conductor from his lethargy, and taking the baton (metaphorically speaking) from his hand. Spohr's superb *aria* was unanimously encored, a compliment richly deserved both by composer and singer. M. Camillo Sivori created an unprecedented sensation. He played on Monday night far better than we have yet heard him. His *staccato* is positively miraculous, and his cadence was a succession of wonders out-wondering each other. His music, however, is the merest farce conceivable—spite of which the applause throughout, and at the end, was tumultuous—though entirely due to the more than perfection of the playing. The *duet* from *Semiramide* merits no remark—and the overture to *Anacreon* was almost ruined by the apathy of the conductor, till the band took it into their own hands and brought it up to the time intended by Cherubini. But for the fact of there only being *one* overture, we should have little to say against this concert, which was very generally remarkable for novelty and excellence.

At the next concert, Beethoven in B flat, Mendelssohn in A minor, the overtures to *Fidelio* and *Zauberflöte* will be given, and Mad. de Belleville Oury, the celebrated *pianiste*, wife to Mr. Oury the eminent violinist, will play a concerto. Sir George Smart will conduct, and Mr. Francois Cramer lead. Dr. Spohr will have the entire management of the eighth concert, and it is reported, that her Majesty has commanded an extra concert for the purpose of repeating Beethoven's "Choral symphony"—Things begin to look up.

DONIZETTI'S NEW OPERA, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI."

THE "effective strength" of her Majesty's Theatre boasts, at present, such a number of public favourites, that we know not where to look among the principals, either of opera or ballet, for one who might not securely count on, and, what is more, deserve an amply remunerating benefit. Assuredly, no one merits better of the opera-going public than Madame Persiani. By way of novelty in the history of singers so caressed both at home and abroad, it may be safely imputed to her as a singular commendation that she never presumes on her supposed hold of popular esteem to grow careless—she never visits on her audience the results of caprice or ill-humour; to the present day she pre-

serves the carefulness, zeal, and punctilious regard of her professional repute, which at first stamped her in this country as a vocalist of the first class. The influence of her own well-appreciated merit, and the attraction of a new opera, brought to Madame Persiani's benefit, on Thursday evening, one of the fullest attendances of the season. The new opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, will unquestionably prove a more successful venture than most of the ephemeral novelties with which an opera session is usually rife. The matchless excellence of its performance, the pleasing interest of its story, and the agreeable character of its music, have evidently worked an impression that will sustain uninjured the wear and tear of a very unusual number of representations. It were, perhaps, too much to predict for it an existence as time-honoured as that of the *Sonnambula*, but, certainly, it bids most fair to eclipse the memory of every Italian production of the last few years. The *libretto* of *Linda di Chamouni* has been concocted with much eye towards the affecting principle. A supposed-to-be seduced daughter, an old, stern, virtuous peasant-father, a distressed and calumniated lover, and the like of trappings pertaining to the "domestic interest" school, are discharged at the feelings of the audience with considerable stage-knowledge and effect. The story, to be brief, is a kind of altered and aggravated version of that *Clari* which, on a time past, used well nigh to deluge Covent Garden Theatre with the tears of those whose excess of worldly happiness was probably such as to induce them, by way of relief, to shake hands with misery in a place of amusement; albeit, the woes of *Linda*—mayhap because the singing blunts their edge—are far from so movingly depicted as those of our *Clari* of old. Thus runs the Italian tale:—the *Marquis de Boisfleur*, on visiting his estates, promises, as usual, to make everybody happy, with the mental reservation of appropriating to himself *Linda*, the beautiful daughter of one of his tenants, and, by way of security, avails himself of the temporary distress of her father, *Antonio*, to patronize him—especially in the way of an offer to protect and educate his daughter. Against this snare, *Antonio* is warned by the magistrate of the village, who advises *Linda*'s immediate removal to Paris, whither she departs, accompanied by her youthful companion, *Pierrot*, grieffully bidding farewell to her parents, and in despair at leaving her lover—no less a person than the son of the *Marquis*, in disguise of a painter. So ends the first act. In the second act we find *Linda* costumed as a lady, and inhabiting superb apartments in Paris. Her lover has followed her, disclosed the secret of his rank, and privately married her. More homely visitors await her—her faithful savoyard *Pierrot*, and afterwards her father, who has made a pilgrimage of beggary to see her. *Antonio* does not recognise his daughter in her costly guise, until undeceived by herself, when, suspecting everything but the truth, he dashes at her feet the purse of gold she has given to his lighter miseries, and, in an agony of rage and grief, leaves her, refusing either to believe or pardon. To fill up the cup of *Linda*'s tears, *Pierrot*, recounts to her that he has seen a gay bridal procession, and that the bridegroom was named to him as the *Marquis de Sirval*, her lover. Overwhelmed with the conviction that her secret marriage was an imposition, she loses her reason; and the second act closes with the melancholy departure of *Pierrot* and his poor mindless friend to return to their native village. The third act is necessarily brief in incident. The *Marquis de Sirval* ignorant of *Linda*'s departure from Paris, has returned to Chamouni to beseech his father's consent to his marriage, which he finally wins. *Pierrot* and *Linda* regain their home—the one weary of toil and friendly anguish, the other in her hapless idiocy, for ever gaily singing the bur-

den of her lover's last vow of constancy. *Linda* is surrounded by her friends, but knows none—not even her suppliant lover; until, prompted by *Pierrot*, he bursts forth with the song that first plighted them, when her consciousness returns, her happiness is complete, and the opera concludes.

Linda di Chamouni, so far as the composer is concerned, is by far the least offensive of any of Donizetti's operas with which we are acquainted—nay, if it better please this master's admirers, we will quit the negative phrase, and dub it the most agreeable and musician-like of his works. Even the overture, though far from a substantial or masterly affair, has something of plan and interest about it. The first act, as a whole, is incomparably the best of the three. The dramatic situations fall in with Donizetti's happiest vein. There is not a vast deal of sentiment, and nothing of tragedy; so that he does not flounder into that *Malaprop* style of music which invariably characterises his "grander" effusions. The opening concerted pieces, with the chattering solos of the *Marquis de Boisfleur*, are extremely light, pretty, and appropriate. *Linda*'s first song, again, is a sparkling morsel of melody, nearly free from affectation. There is also a duet for the magistrate and *Antonio*, which, up to the last movement, is considerably above the average of Donizetti's merit. Its opening portion has much dramatic vigour and solidity, but its final movement is a mere tune (sung, as usual, in unison), which, besides its inherent imbecility, urges on Lablache and Fornasari to roar—we know not what other term to use—in ecstasies of antagonism, and to an extent any thing but musical or pleasant—albeit (for the aforesaid roaring, we presume) this last movement was rapturously encored. The prayer which closes the first act is an effective piece of writing, although—quoad its purpose in the drama—it is manifestly overdrawn. But we must not omit to mention by far the most charming fragment of the opera, and, as a matter of feeling, altogether the best music of the same length we ever encountered at the hands of Donizetti. We refer to the quaint and melancholy Savoyard ditty sung by *Pierrot* in the first scene, and which is quite equal to the best snatches of that kind of *picture-music* in which Rossini revels in his *Guillaume Tell*. This tender and delicious fragment occurs several times in the opera, and with such varieties of effect from peculiar and appropriate instrumentation, as, in our opinion, speak more for Donizetti's musical feeling than all the pseudo grand works he has ever written. The music of the second and third acts falls off woefully from the position attained in the first—not that Donizetti so far returns to his usual self that we feel a sensation of positive annoyance, but that the opera, at this point, ceases to be at all remarkable *per se*, and depends for its effect wholly on the efforts of the singers. Nevertheless, justice compels an exception in favour of the long piece of melodramatic music which prefaces and accompanies the return of *Linda* and *Pierrot* in the third act; and this we esteem as more truthful and artistic than any of the vocal music in the latter portions of the opera.

The performance of this opera was, perhaps, never exceeded, if equalled, in any theatre in the world, as may be almost guessed at sight of the following cast:—*Linda*, Madame Persiani; *Pierrot*, Mademoiselle Brambilla; the *Marquis de Sirval*, Mario; *Antonio*, Fornasari; the *Magistrate*, Lablache; and the *Marquis de Boisfleur*, F. Lablache. To descant on the performances of Persiani and Brambilla, were merely to re-vary the almost exhausted vocabulary of adulation. Both were absolute perfection. As for Brambilla, we could almost find in our heart to wish she might for ever retain

the hoarseness for which a printed apology was proffered; for, verily, it, or we know not what beside, imparted to the lower tones of her voice a rich and voluptuous tenderness of effect that we can find no words to describe. The male characters were supported in an equally perfect manner. Mario even donned a new suit of energy for an occasion that certainly demanded it. Fornasari, however, as the father of *Linda*, took the most prominent position in the opera, and wonderfully did he support it throughout. Would he but abate that excessive and meaningless trembling of the voice which he has latterly seen fit to adopt, he would be nearly, if not altogether, the most admirable singer we ever heard; while, as an actor, he is positively without a superior. The scene, in the second act, wherein he renounces his daughter, was so far an astonishing, powerful, and impressive display of histrionic art, that we much doubt if any actor of the highest class—setting musical acquirement totally aside—could have done more than fairly compete with it.

The opera was immensely successful, and, at its close, the re-appearance of all the principal performers was demanded and complied with.—*Atlas*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Do you ever, by accident, come across the "Metropolitan Magazine?" If not, I counsel you, by all means, to procure the last number, without delay. The notices of music generally occupy a considerable portion of the review department, and the style of them is inconceivably amusing. The writer of these notices seems to have a musical world of his own, the god of which is one Crouch—the demi-god one Cronin. One Clarke also figures as a poet, and these three make up the trinity of constellations, about whose merits the writer of the "Metropolitan" hammers away, month after month, in a fashion which baffles description. I have not leisure to make many extracts, but a few are necessary to give you some idea of the oddity of the thing. I shall confine myself to the last number, the musical notices in which are spread over the surface of six or seven pages. Nearly a page is consumed, to begin with, in a very singular eulogy of an obscure dramatic and musical periodical, whose name we have forgotten. In congratulating this obscure periodical on its having held its ground against "slandrous and illiberal articles of the more pretending but infinitely less meritorious," the writer tells us, that "a just Musical Review is what has been so long in requisition in this country, where a professor's abilities are bought and sold for a glass of brandy-and-water."

"In no country save England," says he, "has the press (by the press we mean the hired reviewers) the licence of ruining a man's prospects; like unto those to whom the part of censorship—mark the beauty of the writer's language—"is entrusted, they" (Qy. who?) "are mere mechanics, swayed which ever way a sovereign remedy would dictate, or the fumes of hot punch inflame." The editor of the "Metropolitan" can surely never have seen this motley fustian. But to proceed—"Honesty of criticism has long slept in the tomb of the Capulets—the whole is a matter of barter as truly commercial, as that our leading merchants meet on change"—(Strange jumble!)—"Under such a disgraceful system, is it to be supposed that a poor friendless Englishman can be admitted as a rising artiste," (the feminine *e* is not mine, Mr. Editor, but the Metropolitan's) "a talented man? No! the fee of an interested party could wholly swamp whatever claims he might have to public favour—doomed to pine over his days

and his blighted prospects in some lone garret," (Pathetic varmint!) "while a meretricious coxcomb, with the necessary weight of purse will carry the public press, nay, every thing, before him!—so much for honesty and worth!"—What have they to do with it? Surely the Metropolitan editor can never have cast his eye over this? After a heap of odd encomiums of the obscure periodical, whose name I have forgotten, just as one would expect the *grande phrase*—the climax—the *ne plus ultra* of eulogy—just as we are told that "every contributor of sweet sounds would joyously hold himself compromised if not supporting such an editor and such a work"—we come to this:—

"Love and hope were born to change,"

"And, as all our anticipations have been frustrated, we can only regret that so talented an editor should desecrate his Review by puffing, disgustingly at variance with common sense, and wholly inimical to the steady progress of the periodical. We write not thus in anger, but with an aching heart," (Sensitive dog!) "for the hope of our wishes" (The hope of his wishes!!) "is blighted; that which could have done and held the reins of power in its own hand, has ceased to do, and ALL AGAIN IS CHAOS!"—This is sublime, to say the least of it. But what follows is still better—exemplifying so admirably the *politics* of the writer. "The adage says, 'Truth must not be spoken at all times.' With honest independence, and conscious integrity" (Noble fellow!) "we fearlessly assert it may, it can, it will, it shall be spoken!" So all is not chaos, you see. This will do with a vengeance!

After this follows a notice of Mr. Hackett's "National Psalmist," the general tenor of which may be gathered from the ensuing sentence:—

"There is a grandeur and solemnity pervading the pieces he has selected, which will, we have no doubt, give to his labours the character of a standard work." (!)

Then comes a long review of Mr. Henry Phillips, the vocalist's, "True enjoyment of Angling," which, we are told, contains divers "nerve stirring lays, in every way worthy the varied talents of the gifted author"—and that it proves Mr. Phillips a "deserving member of the profession—a man—a christian—and a father—with a mind differently tuned to the common run of our public characters."—(This, remember, is an essay about angling—the cruellest and most heart-hardening of sports!)—Notwithstanding all which, the writer hopes "to see Mr. Phillips, ere long, in another style—and augmenting his future praiseworthy endeavours."—"We would suggest—"he proceeds—"a more perspicuous revival of his musical contributions, many of the songs losing their just effect by this oversight"—(By what oversight—by a perspicuous revival?)—"especially in the hands of private individuals, for whom the book has evidently been written." We should like to know the distinguishing mark of a book written for "private individuals."

Then comes a sidwinding puff upon "Cronin," under the head of "Paccini's opera of *Sappho*," in which the following piece of bad grammar occurs—"Our opinion as far as regards the merits of the composer are unchanged."

Then a short and direct puff on "Cronin" for some rondinos, which he has written for beginners, and which are "a desideratum for school-teachers."

Then an enormous puff on "Crouch," which is so barefaced and amusing, that we quote it entire.

"My dear Irish"—(something, I forget what) — "A primitive melody, arranged from the same prolific pen, and by the same publisher."—(No publisher has been mentioned, and the pen was "Cronin's"—but mark the sequel.)—"One of those brilliant gems, UNITING ALL THAT COULD

BE DESIRED. The words are worthy of the gifted author, 'Ryan,' and the harmonies and the accompaniments bespeak an attention and an invention no less worthy the talents of 'Crouch.' This song should hold a place in every musician's heart."

Is not this highly amusing, Mr. Editor?—I cannot, however, precisely see what "Cronin" has to do in the matter, since the melody is primitive—the arrangement is by the publisher—the harmonies and accompaniments are by "Crouch"—and the poetry is by "Ryan." What then has "Cronin" effected?

After this comes another hero into the field in the shape of another "Crouch." The whole thing is too amusing to admit of curtailing—take it all, Mr. Editor.

"Dear Erin." A ballad. Words by J. Clarke. Music by "George Crouch" of Hull.

"We have never seen any of (this) Mr. Crouch's writings"—The parenthesized *this* is not mine, Mr. Editor—"until the present, therefore, cannot say whether he be a young writer or not; but from the specimen before us, we should say that he possesses qualities of a superior degree, and with perseverance and assiduity, may command a similar honourable station to his predecessor and namesake"—(So "Crouch" is merely "an honourable station" after all.) "Erin, dear Erin, is not without"—but I must skip half a dozen lines, or I shall nauseate you, Mr. Editor—"Whoever possesses this unassuming little *bijou*, will not feel disappointed in playing over its talented pages, although it be not a legitimate Irish song. We shall be glad to be better acquainted with this composer's works."

This composer indeed—that is, if his illegitimate Irish songs produce the same soporific effect as the "legitimates" of his highly-gifted brother—I beg pardon—namesake—the Crouch, who, of course, assumes a more "honourable station" than (this) Crouch, until "perseverance and assiduity" shall have enabled (this) Crouch to tread on the Crouch's heels. The next is so sweet and poetical a puff on "Cronin," that absolutely I will not deprive you of one line, Mr. Editor:—

"The Old English Heel and Toe."

(By the same)

"A compilation of old English tunes, strung together as a musician"—(A compilation strung together—as a musician, too!!) "and will doubtless be found a welcome present to the holiday folks in the dancing season, when the halls of our fathers" (!) "are teeming with jocund mirth and merriment, and the schools have sent forth their young charges to join the giddy throng. We picture in our sober quiet hours"—(rare intervals!) "those buoyant happy spirits"—(dreaming of spirits, you see, even in his sober hours.)—"Alas! how have we changed; all our lightness of heart has fled, and STERILE WASTE and age only remains."

!!!!!!

There's a pictorial puff for "Cronin"—there's a pathetic tableau for you. The bit of bad grammar at the end is sublime. The musical editor of the "Metropolitan" in his "sober" hours dreaming of "spirits," and mourning his lost light-heartedness! Would that Cruikshank could have caught the happy moment.

Then comes a prodigious puff on somebody of "Innistore," another arrangement from the prolific pen of "Crouch." Take it, Mr. Editor. It is headed—

"Somebody of Innistore.—No. 14 of the same work, by the same author and publisher."—(It is remarkable that no work, no author, and no publisher have been mentioned.)—

"This ballad, by the title, clearly denotes an Irish character; and, certain are we, that in this particular description of writing Mr. Crouch stands unrivalled. He has evidently made the Irish his peculiar study"—(Qy. the Spanish?)

"There is a *freshness* about his melodies unlike those of any other composer; and whatever emanates from his pen is CERTAIN OF SUCCESS" (!!!)

"— is another evergreen, equal in beauty, originality, and sentiment to his —, —, and —."

Is not this odd? Who can be this extraordinary enthusiast for the music of Mr. Crouch? Does the editor himself know, or cares he to inquire?—But this is not all—"Crouch" again! A long rigmarole follows, about a song entitled "The Union of Kathleen and Dermot Astore," in the progress of which we are treated with a profuse rhapsody about the merits of those very interesting and historical characters—the mistakes of Mr. Brandard, the artist, in drawing the *dramatis personæ* in gold and jewels instead of in rags—the unrivalled Irish genius of Mr. Crouch—and the exceeding beauty of the song in question. I give you a fragment or two. "A melody possessing much beauty and originality. It is evidently a composition upon which much thought and originality have been bestowed, and will doubtless follow in that road to popularity which is certain of crowning all the efforts of this young writer," &c. &c. &c.

Again, Mr. Crouch:

"The Maniac;" F. N. Crouch.—"A well-written song, and quite in character of that country which it is intended to represent—the land which reared a Schubert."—(The Maniac is a good name for it, at all events, and complimentary to Schubert and his land.)—"There is a nervousness and despair in the accompaniment peculiarly effective, and the originality which pervades the whole at once bespeaks the attention of this composer, in all his writings." (Qy. What does this mean?) "Though careless sometimes in a grammatical point of view, or want of attention in revising the proofs."—(Modest man!)—"We have never had any occasion"—(qy. inclination?)—"to point out any inaccuracy in the sentiment, false feeling, or wrong conception of the character"—(Tautology and verbiage for ever!)—"he wishes to depict; in these qualities"—(That is, in the qualities of inaccurate sentiment, false feeling and wrong conception of character)—"he has a gift exclusively his own," (!) "and, with study"—(I wish he may get it!)—"will hold that station his abilities, various as they are, entitle him to sustain," &c. &c.

Who is this Crouch-bitten rhapsodist? He inevitably beats the writer of the "Essay on Chopin" fairly out of the field. Who can he be? Who is he likely to be? Do you know, Mr. Editor, of the "Metropolitan," or can you guess?

But to proceed.—Then follows a short puff on a duet by Mr. Crouch; and then another puff on "Somebody of Innistore," which the critic forgets he has already eulogized. It runs thus:—

"Somebody of Innistore."

"A well-written song, and highly characteristic of the country it is intended to represent."—(How the deuce can a song represent a country?)—"Mr. Crouch has made this style of music his particular study, and few of our English writers have ever attained this distinguishing mark of nationality equal to him and Whittaker." (!!!)

What a singular pulling in of "Whittaker"—(Who the devil is Whittaker, by the way?)—by the head and shoulders! And now, "Crouch" having been puffed to the extremity, in this number, we have four moderate puffs of other individuals; two of Czerny's Ops, 705 and 720, (!!!) the latter of which, a "Fantasia tempestuous," is described as "resplendent with beauty and originality from the first page to the last;" one of Sigismond Thalberg, and one of

some works of Logier, which are recommended "to all who love their instrument." In the last of these we find the following strange sentences.

"Let any unbiassed musician, who has his profession at heart, and not the circumscribed notions of damning a talented author's writings before they have even cast their venomous eyes over a single page of it; let them—we repeat it"—(What—the bad grammar?)—"again play over the duets under consideration, and if shame does not mantle their would-be-censorian visages, we KNOW NOTHING OF MUSIC,"—(qy. a truth accidentally uttered?)—"or the beauties which make up her ever changeable and ever social green wreath."

How truly poetical!—This impudent puffing appears every month in the "Metropolitan Magazine." Can it be possible that the editor is cognizant of the fact of so large a portion of his miscellany being filled up with such trash? I cannot believe it. Excuse the length and rambling character of this communication, Mr. Editor, but I pray you to insert it, as an *exposé* of the most exquisite puffing on record.

Yours,

LYNX.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MY DEAR SIR,—I was last week favoured with a little work entitled "Thoughts on Music, its devotional Application, &c. by Mediator," which, from the general tenor of its sentiments, and its evidently good intention deserves a wide and extended circulation. Perhaps, Sir, you have read, or heard of a very homely, but nevertheless, a very correct adage "that give a covetous man an inch, and he will forthwith take an ell." Now, Mr. Editor, your kind insertion of my former letter has induced me to encroach on your well known good nature for publicity to a second, respecting a theme which, like myself, you venerate highly, viz. "The restoration of church music." I will quote one of the leading propositions contained in Mediator's pamphlet, that "The decorum of devotion, the beauty of holiness, the interest of the church, and excellency of its service, and it may be added, the welfare of sacred music, demand that the most salutary and judicious mode of regulating the musical part of the service should, if possible, be discovered and adopted." I fully agree with the principle that indited the foregoing paragraph, but would respectfully suggest to "Mediator," that the form prescribed by the Rubric being perfect, is the most salutary and judicious that can be discovered, and which cathedral application for past centuries proves, and that, therefore, nothing remains for us to do but to comply with the mandates of the church, which is to employ music as a mode of supplication and divine praise wherever its use is appointed in the liturgy. How may we then best promote the restoration and adoption of the legitimate music of the church? Let the strenuous exertions of every individual entrusted with the management of a choir be directed towards its improvement, because singing in country churches is generally so execrable, that the congregation are disgusted, and so far from wishing for the farther introduction of what is mis-called singing, that they can scarcely put up with what they are compelled to hear every Sunday if they attend church, hence we see the great necessity of improvement; let the choir learn to sing at least tolerably, teach them to distinguish between mere noise and music, give them to feel the beauty of, and the delight that arises from, an intimate acquaintance with the practise from noble church compositions, and they will infallibly succeed in vanquishing every obstacle arising from prejudice and ignorance; and let the organist feel it to be his duty to place church music in its true and most favourable light, and if his endeavours are

properly seconded, the congregation must view it as a help to devotion, they will practically feel that singing the praises of the Great Creator is the most edifying, truly impressive, and noble method of worshipping him, and a sound conviction of the utility of the solemn music of the church will be the result of courage and perseverance. But it is not with the organist solely that the power to effect these improvements remains; it is true that the labour of teaching, practising, and drilling the choir into a state of musical discipline devolves on him, and the merit, or demerit of the choir's performance in a great degree rests with him also. It is to the clergy as the natural and dignified head of the established religion, that he must look for support against the ignorance of some, and the imbecile objections of others, those who would disgrace the service of our Church to a level with a dissenting chapel, those who look on music as frivolous, and who, having no soul to feel music's sublime power, would debar others from that enjoyment also; it is the fostering and paternal care of the ministry that must co-operate with the endeavours of the organist, and unite with him in again making our National Church music generally great and glorious. What a blessing to a provincial choir is a vicar or rector who possesses a refined taste for classical compositions! He rarely fails to diffuse a corresponding sentiment amongst his parishioners. Both those that sing and play are encouraged by his judicious approval to press onward to greater advancement, experiencing that chaste and exquisite pleasure which conscious improvement alone can impart. I have derived considerable gratification from seeing a few days ago, a work written for the express purpose (I believe) of instructing the clergy in the essential art of reading church music. It is indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished for," and I trust that the talented author, Dr. Marshall, of Oxford, will find it realize his most sanguine expectations. That music shall occupy a prominent position in public worship is especially commanded in the Bible. Moses received directions from God himself relative to the Jewish service, and I certainly think that the many passages thereby enjoining the glorification of the Almighty through the instrumentality of music, are equally binding with the numerous other precepts for our moral and spiritual guidance that the sacred volume contains. Another argument in favour of the choral service is, that in proportion to its excellence will be the amount of good it achieves; if music is neglected, if the art is uncared for, it will degenerate until it becomes a foul blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of our Establishment, but if on the contrary it receives the now doubly welcome aid and protection of its spiritual guardians, if it is thought of sufficient value to be cared for, it will flourish and increase, until the choral service of our Church shall again attain its former state of edifying grandeur, and it again resumes its lofty and original position as one of the most important elements of the religion of the Church of England.

I remain, your's respectfully,

JOHN N. WASTFIELD,

(Organist of the Old Church.)

Bradford, Wilts,
June 3, 1843.

P.S.—A friendly correspondent from Cork gives me a cheering account of the singing in the different churches in that city. I would urge Napoleon's constant motto, "forward," on all our musical brethren, whether English or Irish.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I beg, through the medium of your publication, to contradict a report which has been circulated, and which has appeared in a paragraph in the *Sunday Times* of the 21st of last month, that my son had given a concert on the 15th, at the Hanover-square Rooms. I beg to state that neither my son or myself had any thing to do with that performance whatever, neither did we know that such a concert was to take place.

I remain, Sir, your's. &c.

FREDERIC VENUA.

Reading, 2, Albion Place, June 1st.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—A letter which I have just received from Spohr gives me reason to anticipate the pleasure of seeing him about the 26th instant.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD TAYLOR.

[We publish this, well aware how welcome the news it contains must be to every lover of music.—ED. M. W.]

Musical Intelligence.**Metropolitan.****WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.**

The annual festival of this society took place on Saturday at the Piazza Hotel. There was a strong muster of professors and amateurs; Mr. Calkin presided, whose health was proposed and drunk with great applause, as well as that of Mr. G. Budd, the treasurer and secretary, to whom the society is greatly indebted, for his unwearied exertions to promote its interest. The following compositions were sung, in the course of the evening by 9 cantos, 8 altos, 10 tenors and 12 basses, under the direction of Mr. Hawes, and several of them repeated.

"NON NOBIS, DOMINE"

Madrigal, "God Save the Queen,"	Dr. Bull,	1607
Balletto, "When flow'ry meadows, Palestrina,		1590
Madrigal, "Fire! Fire!"	T. Morley,	1595
Madrigal, "Soon as the silver moon- beams,"	G. Gastoldi,	1570
Anthem, "I will arise,"	R. Creghton,	1638
Balletto, "Lo! she flies,"	T. Morley,	1595
Madrigal, "Lady, your words,"	J. Wilbye,	1598
Madrigal, "Queen of the World,"	L. Marenzio,	1582
Villanella, "Lady unkind,"	G. Ferretti,	1576
Madrigal, "The Nightingale in silent Night,"	J. Wilbye,	1614
Madrigal, "Come away, sweet love,"	T. Greaves,	1604
Madrigal, "Although the Heathen Poets,"	W. Byrd,	1588
Balletto, "What saith my dainty darling,"	T. Morley,	1595
Madrigal, "Lady, when I behold,"	J. Wilbye,	1598
Madrigal, "Now morn awaketh,"	F. Anerio,	1580
Fal la, "The Waits,"	J. Saville,	1667

CONCERTS OF MR. SALAMAN, MADAME DULCKEN, MDLLE D'ESPOURRIN AND MDLLE SOPHIE DULCKEN, THE TOMBOLA.

Mr. Salaman's concert occurred on Friday morning at his residence in York-street, Portman-square, and was attended by a large assembly of his friends. The vocalists were Misses Novello and Birch, Herr Staudigl and others, who, with the assistance of Mr. Salaman's performances on the pianoforte, made up a very attractive programme of music, half classical

and half fashionable. Mr. Salaman executed a *concerto* by Mendelssohn, and a *fantasia* by Thalberg.

Mad. Dulcken's concert at her Majesty's Theatre on Monday morning attracted an immense concourse of fashionables, with a good sprinkling of professors, who came for the purpose of hearing this clever pianiste in the *adagio* and *rondo* of Chopin's second *concerto* in F minor, a composition abounding in manual difficulties of no ordinary kind, and displaying not a small share of original melody and quaint conceits. The *adagio*, with the singular *recitative* accompanied by an incessant *tremolando* of the stringed instruments was an excellent medium for manifesting the full rich tone which Mad. Dulcken brings from the instrument; and the *finale*, a *rondo a la mazurka*, full of original thought, exercised the lady's executive powers to the utmost. Mad. Dulcken was greatly and deservedly applauded, which may teach other pianists that it is not always necessary to play trivial music in order to gratify an audience of amateurs. Chopin's music is of a profound character, and does not carry its beauties on the surface, and Mad. Dulcken, by her manner of interpreting it, showed her entire capability of appreciating its sterling merits. We cannot say much in praise of the other instrumental features of the programme, which consisted of a serenade by Czerny, thus pompously announced—

Serenade Venetienne, for two Piano-fortes, Soprano, Tenore, and Basso (first time of performance), Mesdames Moltini, Albertazzi, Nissen, Pacini, and Birch. Messrs. Mario, Brizzi, Lablache, Fornasari, F. Lablache, and Herr Staudigl; Piano-fortes, Madame Dulcken and Herr Dreyschock. Czerny.

All this fuss was about the meagre old air "Pescator del' onda," which at the hands of M. Czerny received but scurvy treatment,—being first clumsily harmonised as a chorus, and afterwards hideously distorted in the shape of sundry variations, which Mdle. Dulcken and Herr Dreyschock made the best and the worst of. Besides the above, we were regaled with a mixture for two pianos, from the laboratory of Herr Dreyschock, of which, as we can say no good, we shall say nothing. The vocalists were Mdle. Grisi, who was in charming voice and sang like an angel—Mdle. Albertazzi, Mdle. Pacini, Mdle. Nissen, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Birch, Mdle. Montini, Mdle. Bildstein,—Herr Staudigl, Signors Lablache, Fornasari, Brizzi, and some others whom it would be tedious to individualize. Mr. John Parry was encored in "Blue Beard," and sang the "Accomplished Young Lady." "St Leon" half danced and half played a *Romanesca du 16me siecle*, suivi d'un *Tremolo du 19me*—which was highly

amusing from its absurdity. The vocal music was chiefly selected out of the modern Italian Operas, which bear so close a resemblance to each other, that we cannot tell one from another.

Mdles. D'Espourrin and Sophie Dulcken had a good sprinkling of their friends at their concert on Tuesday morning in the Hanover-square Rooms. Among other things worthy of notice, Mdle. D'Espourrin played a *harp fantasia* by Bochs, in which she was cleverly accompanied by Mr. Jarrett on the horn. The latter gentleman also distinguished himself by his performance of the *obligato* horn accompaniment to a song by Panseron, to which Mdle. Caradori gave a great charm by the quaint and pretty *naivete* of her style and manner. Little Mdle. Dulcken, a child of seven years, gave great pleasure to her friends by her performance of Herz's variations on the *Petit tambour*, and Mdle. D'Espourrin, in a solo by Bochs, displayed her qualities as a *harpiste* to great advantage. John Parry was the genius of merriment at the concert, and the other vocalists were Mdle. Pacini, the Misses Williams, Signor Brizzi, and Herr Staudigl. Signor Regondi gave a *fantasia* on the *concertina*.

The first Tombola concert, on Tuesday night, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was not so well attended as was expected. Nevertheless, the programme contained the names of some of our best singers, among whom were Miss Birch, Mdle. Nissen, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. Weiss, who gave a variety of popular compositions with great success. Mr. Roeckel played a *fantasia* on the pianoforte, and a duet for two pianos with Mr. Deacon. Miss Day also performed a pianoforte capriccio of Thalberg's. Mr. Haussman a *fantasia* on the violoncello. Mr. G. Regondi a ditto on the *concertina*, and Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton a ditto on the harp. Mr. Deacon accompanied the vocal music. The pianofortes used were by Zeitter and Co. We did not hear who were lucky enough to obtain the prizes.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S CONCERT.

This eminent public favourite gave his annual concert on Friday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which were crammed to suffocation on the occasion. The programme presented many highly attractive features. First in interest, of course, were the humorous performances of John Parry himself. In Part I. he introduced a new descriptive scene, entitled "The sleeping beauty," a romantic improbability of the fairy chronicles, written by Albert Smith, and composed by himself, which created a fund of risibility, and was unanimously re-demanded, upon which Mr. Parry, after his usual amusing method of responding to encores, gave us another

song instead, viz.—“The Anticipations of Switzerland.” In Part II. Mr. Parry favoured us with his “Accomplished young lady,” which being encored, induced him to sing “Blue Beard,” one of his most comical and successful efforts. Altogether he was in most admirable cue, and kept up the spirits of his numberless friends to continual concert pitch. In the first part Miss Williams interpreted a very pretty ballad, the composition of Mr. John Parry, called, “Sweet Mary mine,” which pleased universally. Miss Dolby, in H. B. Richards’s graceful ballad, “The Blind Man and Summer,” accompanied by the composer, sang with the utmost feeling, and was warmly applauded. Miss Rainforth was deservedly encored in the “Grecian Daughter,” and was highly successful in a duet with Staudigl, from Rossini’s *Semiramide*. The Misses Williams were encored in a duet by Gabussi. The other vocalists were Miss Clara Novello and Madame Albertazzi, who gave the popular duet from *Norma*, and other specialities which we lack time to specialise, very effectively. The instrumentalists were Madame Dulcken, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Richardson, and Signor Regondi, who treated us with solos on the piano, violin, flute and concertina. The whole affair gave the most unmixed pleasure to the audience, and passed off delightfully.

Miscellaneous.

MR. HILL.—A cowardly attack has recently been made upon Mr. Hill by a contemporary journal, (by no means notorious for any thing but its insignificance), in its *critique* upon the concert of Messrs. Hausmann and Roeckel. The fact is, the writer who sagaciously discovers the weakness of tone in Mr. Hill’s playing, is unable to discriminate between a tenor and a first fiddle.* (To him, indeed, we may appropriately say, *experientia non docet.*) This uncalled for and malicious attempt, however, to injure an excellent man and clever professor, is unworthy any critic. The writer must not always think to shelter his spite under the shadow of his obscurity.† It is a source of satisfaction to know, that the unseen influence which has been so frequently employed in the musical world is beginning, unwillingly, to shew itself. The system of stabbing in the dark has progressed to such an extent, that it will be the duty of every person, as soon as he grasps the hand raised to injure him, to hold the craven up to public execration. (He! he! he!)

* Mr. Hill is acknowledged by all competent judges, to be one of the very best tenor players in this country.

† Or of the “Oak,” either, by the way, now we think of it.

A DECIDED PUFF.—“The same fault existed with the *elegant* (!) ballad (by F. EAMES !!!) ‘The Home of the Wanderer,’ &c. &c. &c. *This cannot fail to become one of the most popular ballads of the day* (!!) *It was rapturously received !!!*” (This pretty specimen of a “puff positive” is extracted from a journal, whose name we have forgotten, but the editorship of which is universally attributed to the writer of the *excessively elegant* ballad alluded to!)—ED. M. W.

MADLE. ADELE DUMILATRE.—This clever *dansseuse* has been performing some of the favorite parts of Fanny Ellsler with great success, at the Academie Royale, in Paris.

Don Sebastien, an opera by Donizetti, is in rehearsal at the *Academie Royale*. At the *Opera Comique*, Auber’s *La Part du Diable*, and Balfe’s *Le Puits d’Amour*, are played alternate nights. Berton’s *Le Delire*, and Gretry’s *Richard Cœur de Lion*, have been revived. Duvernay made his debut in the former, in the part of Murville, the madman, with distinguished success. The late Hippolyte Monpou’s opera of *Lambert Simmel* is in active rehearsal, and a one act opera by M. Flotow will shortly follow. Roger, the popular tenor, after all, does not leave the *Opera Comique*, as was expected. He has been engaged for five years at a salary of forty thousand francs.

Hector Berlioz is daily expected in Paris. The Germans have not appreciated this terrific genius, and he sets them down as a veritable *canaille*, musically speaking, to whom the sublime is an absolute dead letter.

At a grand party, given by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, at her residence in Park-lane, Mr. John Parry, and young Filtch, the pianist, and pupil of Chopin, had the honour of performing.

The following compliment to the great composer Halévy, appears in an *annonce* issued by a country theatre—

“LA JUIVE,”

“The chef d’œuvre of the celebrated composer

HALEVY.

The beautiful scenery of which has attracted all Paris.”

A capital hit for the Parisian *connoisseurs*, and which serves them right, moreover, for running after such trumpery.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—After the programme of the 8th concert was in type, the following alterations were sent to us. *Recitative*—“There were shepherds,” and chorus. “Glory to God,” omitted. Haydn’s *Gloria* concluded the first part. Romberg’s “Bell,” and Graun’s *Der Tod Jesu*, omitted. Lablache sung *Non piu andrai*, instead of *Nel Sposare*. Herr Staudigl sung “O! ruddier than the

cherry,” and the concert concluded with Handel’s chorus, “Fixed in his everlasting seat.” Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, also the Queen Dowager, the Duke, Duchess, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge; the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent; the Duke of Wellington, Archbishop of York, Lords Cawdor, Howe, Devon, Powis, Brandon, &c. &c., and a most brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion.

HANDEL’S MESSIAH.—The rehearsal of this Sacred Oratorio took place on Monday morning, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, and attracted upwards of 600 persons. The performance took place last night. The solos were excellently sustained by Miss Clara Novello, Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Rainforth, Miss Marshall, and Miss Hawes; Messrs. Bennett, Machin, and Phillips. Conductor, Sir H. R. Bishop; Leader, Mr. F. Cramer; Organ, Mr. Lucas, supported by the band and chorus belonging to the Concerts of Ancient Music.

MELODIST’S CLUB.—The Duke of Cambridge has become the Patron and President of the Melodist’s Club, in the room of his late brother, the Duke of Sussex. The last meeting of the present season will take place on the 21st instant, when the prize compositions will be sung.

The Musical Library of the late John Sydney Hawkins, Esq., was sold last week by auction, at Fletcher’s in Picadilly, and some of the rare lots produced good prices.—Glareanus’ *Dodekachordon* was bought by Mr. Rimbault, for 4*l.* 5*s.*, Zarlino’s Works for 3*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, by Mr. Chappell; Galileo’s *Dialogo* 18*s.*, by Dr. Gauntlett; Corelli’s Works 3*l.* 16*s.* by Mr. Sharpe; Salinas de Musica produced 1*l.* 15*s.*; Purcell’s Sonatas 2*l.* 4*s.*; Boyce’s Cathedral Music, large paper, 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Sir John Hawkins’ History of Music, in boards, 4*l.* 5*s.*; Dr. Burney’s 3*l.* 5*s.* Among the instruments a fine Stradivarius Violin was bought by Mr. Leslie, for 63*l.* An Amati produced 45*l.* 3*s.*, and another of the same maker 30*l.* 9*s.*, (bought by Mr. Prowse). A Guarnerius produced the highest price, viz.; 74*l.* 11*s.*, a Ruggerius 24*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* There were few good Violoncellos; one by Stainer, for which Mr. Hawkins had given 100 guineas, was sold for 25*l.* 4*s.* Among the curiosities were a lute (Bandora lute) of the reign of Elizabeth, and a bust of Handel, bought by Mr. Chappell, and a lute of the reign of Charles II., bought by Mr. Ayrton. The first lute had catgut tied round the neck, instead of the ivory frets, which were the invention of a later age. The engraved plates of Sir John Hawkins’ History of Music, were bought by Mr. Wolston.

Notice to Correspondents.

Dr. Gauntlett's friend, whose initials we cannot make out, is thanked for his advice. We are unprejudiced, and are influenced in no quarter. We regret, nevertheless, to have offended our worthy correspondent, and trust he will reconsider the matter.

Our friends and subscribers are informed that for the future, Mr. GROOMBRIDGE, of Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row, will be the City Agent for the sale of the "Musical World."

Some complaints having been made that music has been sent to our Office for review, which has never been noticed, we beg to inform such of our friends as have been neglected, that in the confusion arising from the changes consequent on the death of our late lamented editor, many things have been mislaid without a hope of their recovery. If, however, our kind supporters will favour us with duplicates of any piece of music they may have ineffectually sent to the Office of the "Musical World," they shall receive immediate attention.

Mr. Elliott (Birmingham.) Received with thanks. We regret exceedingly that our numerous avocations will prevent us availing ourselves of our correspondent's invitation. The gentleman who usually undertakes these long peregrinations is, moreover, unfortunately, seriously indisposed. What can we do? Fate is averse; and we are but Fate's children.

Mr. Chappell has our best thanks.

Advertisements.



Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

The Public is respectfully informed, that in pursuance of arrangements with the Proprietor of this Theatre, Mr. MACREADY will relinquish its direction upon the close of the present Season, which, in consequence, is extended to Monday, June 12th, on which night he will make his last appearance in a London Theatre, for a very considerable period.

The concluding Nights of the present management will be this Evening, Thursday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE. Othello, Mr. Macready, Cassio, Mr. Anderson, Iago, Mr. Phelps, Roderigo, Mr. Hudson, Emilia, Mrs. Warner, Desdemona, Miss Helen Faucit.

On Friday, the Entertainments will (by desire) commence with FORTUNIO, after which, a CONCERT, in which Herr Staudigl, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, and Miss Rainforth, will appear. Two Acts of DER FREISCHUTZ, and THE LOAN OF A LOVER, being for the Benefit of Miss P. Horton.

On Saturday, the Comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, from the Text of Shakspeare. Benedict, Mr. Macready, Beatrice, Miss Helen Faucit.

On Monday, June 12th, the Theatre will close with Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Macready, his last appearance.

FORTUNIO every Evening.

Princess's Theatre.

This Evening Thursday, will be performed I PURITANI, Elvira, Madame EUGENIA GARCIA, with THE ANGEL OF THE ATTIC and THE DEVIL IN IT.

On Friday, Madame ALBERTAZZI will perform in a Favourite Opera; Madlle. MELANIE DUVAL and M. DENIZIE will appear, with THE ANGEL OF THE ATTIC.

Madlle. ALBERTAZZI to-morrow night. Madame EUGENIA GARCIA will perform to-night and on Saturday.

THE ANGEL OF THE ATTIC and THE DEVIL IN IT, continuing to meet with the most decided success, will be performed till further notice.

Mr. ALLEN, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is engaged, and will appear on Tuesday, the 13th instant, in DONIZETTI'S OPERA, LUCIA DI LAMMERMORE.

A new Drama, (with Music), called the SWEDISH FERRYMAN, is in rehearsal, and will be produced in a few days.

A new and original Opera, the Music by Nelson, is in preparation.

A new Comedietta, a new Farce, and several novelties are in rehearsal.

ROYAL GRECIAN SALOON
AND PLEASURE GROUNDS,

CITY ROAD,

Proprietor, Mr. T. ROUSE.

The Whitsun Novelties have been a source of the greatest attraction, and multitudes have highly expressed their delight at the numerous and interesting amusements which are presented to their notice. There is performed, an Opera supported by Mr. Frazer and an efficient vocal company; a Concert; a Ballet Pantomime, and a variety of incidental entertainments. In addition to which, are open, the new and splendid apartment, called the HALL OF NATIONS, with views of the principal cities in the world. Also, on Gala Nights, the mysterious COSMORAMIC CAVERN, embellished with a number of pleasing subjects, too numerous for the limits of an advertisement. Doors open at 6—begin at half-past Six o'clock. Admission as usual.

Managing Director, Mr. CAMPBELL.

CZERNY'S GRAND FANTASIA FOR
SIXTEEN PIANISTS.

A MS. QUARTETT BY MR. HOLMES,

For Piano-forte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, and some of the most admired Glee and Catches by the Professional Members of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Glee Club, will be performed at

MR. W. H. HOLMES'

Morning Concert,

At the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

Vocalists—Mesdames Caradori Allen, Loder, Lang, and Albertazzi; Messieurs Brizzi, Clifford, Ferreri, John Parry, and Herr Staudigl. Instrumentalists—Piano-forte, Mr. W. H. Holmes; Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton; Violin, Mr. Willey; Flute, Mr. Card; Violoncello, Mr. Hausmann, Conductor, Mr. Lucas.

Stalls, One Guinea each; and Tickets, Half-a Guinea each, to be had of all the principal Music-Sellers; and of Mr. Holmes, 35, Beaumont-street.



ZEITNER AND COMPANY

Respectfully beg to submit the following list of prices of their Patent Piano-fortes, which have all the latest improvements—New particularly wrought iron string plates, wrought iron bracings over the sounding board, and an additional iron bar on and under the wrest plank.

Also, their Newly Invented 'Sounding Board', for which they obtained His late Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, dated 1st November, 1833, and which has been admitted by the first professors to be the most important improvement ever applied to the Piano-forte, producing a more full and equal quality of tone, and being on a principle somewhat similar to the violin, warranted not to lose its resiliency, or to yield by the pressure of the strings, which is invariably the case with sounding-boards on the old construction, and are therefore warranted to stand better in extreme climates than any Piano-forte.

BOUDOIR PIANOFORTES, SIX OCTAVES.

Particularly adapted for singing, only four feet high, and being veneered and polished at the back, can be placed in any part of the room.

Mahogany	40 to 50 guineas
Rosewood	45 — 60 —
Mahogany, with grand action	50 — 60 —
Rosewood, ditto	60 — 70 —

COTTAGES, SIX OCTAVES.

Mahogany	45 to 60 guineas
Rosewood	50 — 70 —
Mahogany, with grand action	55 — 70 —
Rosewood, ditto	60 — 80 —

CABINETS, SIX-AND-A-HALF OCTAVES.

Mahogany	60 to 70 guineas
Rosewood	70 — 80 —
Mahogany, with grand action	75 — 90 —
Rosewood, ditto	80 — 100 —

SEMI-GRANDS, SIX-AND-A-HALF OCTAVES.

Mahogany	90 — 110 guineas
Rosewood	110 — 120 —

GRANDS, SIX-AND-A-HALF OCTAVES.

Mahogany	120 to 140 guineas
Rosewood	130 — 160 —

N.B.—ZEITNER and Co. engage to keep all Instruments purchased of them in tune for six months, free of expense, in London, and to exchange them if returned to them free of carriage within the same time.

4 and 5, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON.

MR. BENEDICT'S
Grand Morning Concert,

Will take place?

ON FRIDAY, 9th of JUNE,
IN THE

Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Under the immediate Patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Kent, the Duke, the Duchess, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg.

Principal Vocal Performers—Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Moltini, Clara Novello, Albertazzi, Pacini, Nissen, Monanni, Rainforth, and Alfred Shaw; Signors Mario, R. Costa, Brizzi, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Fornasari; Herr Staudigl; Messrs. Wilson and John Parry. Piano, Messrs. Dreyschock and Benedict; French Horn, Sig. Pozzi; Violin, Sig. Emilani; Violoncello, M. Garreau. The programme will contain several interesting novelties, including a selection from the favourite operas of the season. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, for which an early application is respectfully solicited, to be had at the principal Music sellers; at Mitchell's Royal Library, Bond-street; and at M. Benedict's, 22, Queen-street, Mayfair.

NAPOLEON'S MILITARY CARRIAGE.

Taken at WATERLOO.—Room magnificently fitted to shew the decoration of his period, Engravings of his History, splendid Bust by Canova, the Cloak he wore at Marengo, the Sword of Egypt, the Standard given to his Guards, his Watch, Gold Snuff-box, Ring, one of his Teeth, the Instrument that drew it, Tooth-Brush, the Dress worn in exile, Dessert Service used at St. Helena, Counterpane stained with his blood, &c.; the greater part late the property of Prince Lucien.

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Will take place

On MONDAY EVENING, 12th JUNE, 1843.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

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Mr. Hobbs, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Herr Staudigl.

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Violin, Mr. Willy, who will introduce (the first time in this country) a New Solo by M. De Beriot. Piano-forte, Mr. W. H. Holmes, who will perform, with Mr. Willy, Beethoven's celebrated Sonata in A Minor (dedicated to Kreutzer). Harp, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton. Horn, Mr. Jarret.

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SCOTTISH SONG.

Pianoforte Mr. Land.

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Gloomy Winter's now awa—Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane—Jacobite Song, Bonnie Prince Charlie—Jacobite Song, Flora McDonald's Lament—The Lass o' Gowrie—Wha'll buy Cauld Herring—Muirland Willie.

PART II.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch—The Ewie wi' the crookit horn—Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle—Bruce's Address, Scott's wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled—The Land o' the Leal—Tak yer auld cloak aboot ye.

The Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock, the Entertainment to commence at Eight, and terminate about Ten o'clock.

Front Seats, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 2s.

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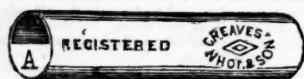
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Trombone	Do do	1	17	0
Tenor	Do do	2	2	0
Do do C	Do do	2	12	6
Bass	Do do	3	3	0
Do improved G	Do do	6	6	0
Bass Horns, 9 Keys	Do do	4	16	0
Opicleide 9 Keys	Do do	7	7	0
Do 11 Keys	Do do	4	4	0
Drums, Bass, plain	Do do	5	5	0
Do do, trophies	Do do	6	6	0
Do do, painted with Arms, &c.	Do do	1	5	0
Clarionets, 6 Keys, Ivory Tip B C or E flat	Do do	1	10	0
Do 8 do do do	Do do	1	15	0
Do 10 do do do	Do do	2	2	0
Do 12 do do do	Do do	2	10	0
Do 13 do do do	Do do	2	2	0
Flutes, Super. Cocoa, with 8 Keys, German Silver	Do do	2	12	6
Do do do extra mounted, Tips, &c.	Do do	3	3	0
Do do do Ebony do	Do do	5	5	0
Do do do do Silver Rings, Tips, and Keys	Do do	5	5	0
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Come, let us begone (Duet) Miss Dolby & Miss Marshall

J. W. Davison—I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden, (Song) Miss Bassano
In a deer-nighted December, Song Miss Dolby
Poor heart, be still (Song) Miss Marshall
Ah! County Guy! (Song) Miss Bassano
Skies brightly glowing (Song) Miss Bassano
Sweet Village Bells (Ballad) Miss Birch
The Lover to his Mistress, Fragment, Mr. Clifford
I have wept mine eyes tearless, (Song) Mr. Clement White
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